

The LOOKOUT



**\$1,250,000 is Still Needed to
Finish and Equip the New Annex**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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The LOOKOUT

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The Lookout

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No. 3

Red Letter Days

We never realized how much happens in one day here at 25 South Street until we instituted our Red Letter Days.

This is a procedure whereby some friend of the Institute assumes the financial responsibility for running the entire establishment for 24 hours by paying the overhead and administration costs—\$260.27.

A fair number of Red Letter Days have already been designated, most of them being the anniversary of some significant event in the life of the donor.

A report is made of service rendered on each Red Letter Day, and it was in this way that we came to realize how very much can be accomplished through a moderate expenditure.

It is really worth \$260.27 just to see some sailorboy step away from our post office window with his first letter from home in seven months, his face all alight and his fingers bungling in his haste to get at the contents of the envelope.

And if you could see the line of eager weather-beaten men with their canvas sea-bags waiting for rooms at the Hotel Desk, you would be moved to write your check for \$260.27 on the spot just to see them register relief when they obtain quarters for the night.

But these are only a very small part of a day's work at the Institute. We put up 836 men each night; we give out hundreds of letters; we serve an average of two thousand meals; we safeguard baggage and savings; we give free treatment in our Dispensary; we give all sorts of emergency relief for destitute seamen; we have a daily chapel service; and we have a dozen and one contacts with an average of two thousand seamen who use the Institute daily.

Would it not be worth \$260.27 to make all this possible for a day? We still have many unclaimed days during 1927, and the chances are that *your* day has not been taken.



OLD SHIP'S FIGUREHEAD OF SIR GALAHAD BEING MOUNTED ON OUR
NEW BUILDING

Sir Galahad Memorial

The old ship's figurehead of Sir Galahad will without doubt be the most unique memorial at the Seamen's Church Institute; and, next to the Illuminated Cross atop the building, the strongest in symbolic suggestion. Our Galahad is a strikingly picturesque virile figure and he stands for much. He exemplifies the best in all the Galahad traditions.

He will be mounted just over the main entrance on the Coenties Slip side in a commanding position. He may be dedicated as a memorial or as a tribute, and the privilege of so doing will be accorded to the first donor of ten thousand dollars to the New Building Fund, designated for this purpose.

The origin and history of our Galahad is for the moment unknown, but we hope through this introduction of him through THE LOOKOUT to learn something authentic about his past. "Circa 1760" is the only information available at the source from which he was purchased for the Institute. He antedates our Revolutionary War. One wonders in whose

interests he sailed the seas at that time. Was he the inspiration of some British merchantman or did he grace some Yankee craft? We rather suspect his British origin, both because he is a British tradition, and because he antedates the famous wood carvers of Bath, Maine, who were responsible for most of our Yankee figureheads.

He is a stalwart Galahad who looks as if he meant business and he must have inspired the crew of his ship in those days when the figurehead was almost a deity.

The figurehead has existed ever since there were ships. Egyptians, Phoenicians, Vikings, Romans, Spanish galleons—all had their figureheads. On fighting ships, they were so conceived as to inspire fear in the enemy. Jason on his Argo got advice from the génie of his bowsprit. But with the change from bowsprit to straight stem, the picturesque figureheads of yesteryear have practically disappeared from the seven seas, and the few rare survivors in their decrepitude ornament gardens at seashore resorts. Merchant-

men have become too utilitarian for unnecessary ornamentation, and our warships have been ordered to "stow everything unessential including sentiment", which sounded the death knell of the figurehead. This action perhaps can be condoned when it is taken into consideration that the iron figurehead on a warship weighed as much as an extra gun.

Here it may be of interest to note parenthetically that the original figurehead of the old Frigate *Constitution*, a representation of Hercules, was shot away at Tripoli.

What tales a figurehead, come to life, might tell! From its point of vantage it looked upon battle, wreck and storm and adventures which would quite surpass those of Sinbad the Sailor.

The real *raison d'être* for the figurehead was no doubt for purposes of identification. When an old-time ship came sailing into port, it was her figurehead that first told of the safety of her crew to the anxious watchers on the shore before they could see the name on her stern.

To the sailor the figurehead was the soul of the ship—the

thing that gave it life and identity and individuality, and for it he entertained a reverence amounting almost to a superstition. It was a decided superstition in several cases of record. A certain captain is said to have ingeniously capitalized such a situation to the benefit of all concerned. His crew, for some reason which seemed to him unwarranted, worked themselves up into a mutiny. To a man they were prepared to take matters into their own hands when the Captain had his brilliant idea. He seized a bucket of black paint, ran to the bow and made as if to desecrate the figurehead. The crew in terror fell to their knees and swore allegiance to any length if he would only spare their Good Lady. They assured him that if he besmirched her with one drop of paint, they would all be lost!

A form of this old-time superstition for the figurehead finds more or less serious expression nowadays, we are told, at Annapolis. A figurehead on the grounds ostensibly for ornamental purposes is supposed to be the god of the Passing Mark, and therefore rates a respectful salute from each passing ca-

det who wishes to avoid the risk of being flunked. At any rate, it makes an amusing story!

Another tale which is not at all difficult to believe is of a heathen island chief who became enamoured of a figurehead on a Yankee clipper ship that visited his shores, and placed an order with the Captain to have a supply of replicas made by the same Bath wood carver—enough to supply his island kingdom with idols of this new and fascinating type. There seems to be no record that the order was executed. Perhaps the chief's credit was poor, although we prefer to believe that the New England conscience of the Captain or of the wood carver intervened.

The fact that most ship's figures were non-descript statuesque ladies in flowing draperies, with no particular significance, enhances the value of our Sir Galahad all the more. His author must have possessed a thorough knowledge of Galahad traditions as well as of sailor traditions, not to mention a fine sense of the fitness of things.

A little review of the Galahad story will show why he was orig-

inally chosen to be the inspiration of sailors before the mast, and why we believe that from his post above our new entrance he will continue to be an inspiration to the thousands of sailors who come to the Institute.

In the first place, Sir Galahad typified perfection of character. He alone of all the knights of King Arthur's court proved worthy to look upon the Holy Grail. His mission in life was foretold in his infancy. He had been left in the care of a nun in a convent. Suddenly the covered Grail appeared shedding such a brilliant light that the nun could not look upon it, but the child held out his arms toward it, indicating that he had been born to go in search of the Grail.

The second manifestation of his fitness for the quest came in his young manhood. A chair at King Arthur's Round Table, known as the Siege Perilous, had never been occupied, because tradition had it that any but a perfect man attempting to sit in it would perish. Galahad entered the room unflinchingly and seated himself in the Siege Perilous unharmed. Again the Grail appeared in a shaft of

blinding light, and the knights of the Round Table were inspired to go forth in search of it.

Galahad was knighted and arrayed in soft red garments with armour of gold chain. White symbolizes earthly virtue, but the red of Sir Galahad symbolizes the divine virtue of which the story of the quest of the Holy Grail is the promise and fulfilment.

The shield given to Sir Galahad to make him invulnerable was supposed to have been forged by Joseph of Arimathea for the heathen Saracen King Avelac, whom he converted. It was a white shield, and as Joseph lay dying, the story goes that he painted upon it a brilliant red cross with his own blood.

Sir Galahad's many perilous adventures finally brought him to the castle of Amfortas, where he found the Grail covered with samite. He then set forth for the spirit city of Sarras with his treasure.

It is a significant point that the last stage of his journey was by sea. His ship had been built many years before by King Solomon, but just as he planned to embark in it, the wind had

borne it away quietly and an angel told King Solomon that none might sail in it until a worthy knight should present himself. And so it was that Galahad found King Solomon's ship waiting to bear him away to the city of Sarras. An angel sat in the bow holding the Grail. When Galahad unfurled the silken sail, he found that it bore his own cross. God guided the ship and when they came at last to Sarras, Galahad was recognized by the people as their king because of his shield which had been fashioned for Avelac. Galahad reigned over Sarras for a year and a day, and then in the sacred grove where he went daily to pray, he was granted a vision of the Grail. His purpose had been accomplished. He put aside his crown and sceptre, bade farewell to his friends, and was seen no more.

Such, in brief, is the tale of the gallant knight who spent his life in the quest of Christian ideals. What more appropriate human figure could we place before our sailormen as a symbol of what their purpose in life should be?

Sir Galahad was chosen by the founder of the order for boys bearing his name and spon-

sored by the Episcopal Church, to fill the need for "a working ideal—some power that would reach them from within . . . Such an ideal was found in the character of Sir Galahad . . . whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure."

And our Galahad is a vigorous adventurer—not the insipid boy conjured up by some artists. He stands poised for action, his expression determined and his hand on the hilt of his sword. The arrangement of the arms, by the way, is further evidence of the ingenuity of the designer, for with most ship's figureheads where the arms were not solidly of one piece with the body, it was nec-

essary to make them detachable so that they might be removed at sea to escape injury by wave and storm. The mutilated appearance of such figures must have had its effect upon sailors; but such was never the case with our Galahad. His pose is natural and forceful, and still it meets the practical requirements of the case.

There are still two phases of the Galahad figurehead story which we hope to recount in an early issue of *The Lookout* just as soon as the facts are known. One will concern itself with his origin, and the other will announce the name of the friend of seamen who wishes to dedicate this symbolic figure for their inspiration.

Hannah's New Friends

Our Hannah is only a little cat, but her fame has spread to Cuba and no doubt to ports all over the world whither our sailor boys fare forth. Anyone who has helped dress Hannah up in her red collar or who has held his hand higher and higher to test her jumping propensities cannot forget her and is quite likely to talk about her where'er he roams.

But it was the printed word in a recent LOOKOUT that reached Cuba and elicited a letter from Jock O'Hazeldene, Jock being a young collie in a mission school in Guantanamo. Jock has a mite box just to show his interest in missions, but he is a self-confessed devourer of Bibles that are left within his puppy reach. His letter admonishes Hannah against such conduct

and promises to try to do better with his advancing years.

Jock also professes an affection for Hannah—at a distance—and an interest in the Institute, on the ground that he is somewhat of a sea dog himself. He has a wide acquaintance among Naval officers and furthermore he swims in Guantanamo Bay ad lib. This is an accomplishment, he reminds Hannah, which even a dyed-in-the-wool nautical cat like herself cannot claim.

It has been recounted that a LOOKOUT friend of Hannah's sent her a beautiful red collar for Christmas, and since that time another fairy godmother has come into one of Hannah's nine lives. This remarkable lady sent her a beautiful green dollar bill to cover her postage bills and to pay for a photograph. There was a goodly balance which has been diverted to a milk fund to relieve Hannah of the necessity for pan-handling amongst the sailormen, who, by the way, are willing victims of her wiles and only too glad to spend their last nickels to buy milk for her whenever she makes her wants known.

Hannah promptly acknowl-

edged her fairy godmother's letter, but she has been lax in the matter of corresponding with Jock. She confides, however, that it is just by way of having a fault to confess to Jock when she does write at last so that he will feel no embarrassment because of having confessed his own shortcomings.

There is another matter which perhaps should not be labelled a fault, for it is a more or less common failing among the female of the species. Hannah is afraid of mice!—at least white mice. One of them was displayed to her, but perhaps in justice we should say that it was in the palm of a husky sailorman who loved the mouse more than he did Hannah, and who might have interfered at the first overt act on the part of Hannah. No one will ever know what might have happened, had Hannah and the white mouse been left together alone.

All of which is not an idle bed-time story, but just to show that even a sweet-faced little cat who jumps when requested can do her bit at the Institute to give Jack Tar an interest and to make things seem a bit homey for him.



South Street

By BURKE BOYCE in *The New Yorker*

Come and see warehouses,
Come and see docks,
Come and see drays
In superior flocks.

Come and see Alleys,
Slips, and old Lanes—
Or East River lighters
With angular cranes.

The small end of Broad Street,
The broad end of Wall,
The market at Fulton
Where fishing-boats call.

Front views of merchantmen,
Rear views of banks—
Strange views of skyscrapers
Lined in new ranks.

Sea-going 'shoremen,
Landlubber sharks—
Ships in captivity,
Taxis on larks.

Come and investigate,
Snoop up and down;
Come and see South Street,
The edge of Down-Town!

2 DEAD, 2 MISSING IN OIL TANKER BLAST

12 HURLED INTO SEA TRYING TO AID BARGE

Freighter Comes In With Tale of Towering Wave Which Snapped Lifeboat Tackle.

OFFICER OF SHIP IS LOST

Other Seamen Hurt and Numbd by Icy Water—Helpless Vessel Is Towed In by Coast Guard.

GALE-TOSSED BOATS ARE TOWED TO PORT

Captain of Barge, Believed Lost, Found Dead in Cabin of Runaway Craft.

HOPE GONE FOR 7 MISSING

Schooner's Crew Is Given Up as Lost Off Atlantic City—One Battered Ship Burns.

BATTLE WITH GALE TOLD BY 13 SAVED FROM SHIP

Valkyrie Helpless Two Days in Hurricane Off Bermuda and Sank as Help Came.

SAY CREW REFUSED TO QUIT SINKING SHIP

Survivors of Freighter Eastway Tell of Heroism of Engine-Room Staff.

SCHOONER AFIRE AT SEA.

Destroyer Goes to Scene About 70 Miles East of Boston.

SCHOONER FOUNDERS 4 DROWN OFF COAST

Steamship West Celina Is Afire at Sea, But Notifies Boston Blaze Is Controlled

OIL SHIP EXPLOSION SHAKES BROOKLYN;

BARGE AFIRE AT SEA; CREW REPORTED SAFE

SIX COAST GUARDS SINK WITH SCHOONER

Vessel Is Destroyed by Fire of Unknown Origin Off North Carolina Coast.

TWO OF CREW PICKED UP

14 LOST ON SPANISH SHIP.

Return to Founders Off Portuguese Coast—Only Five Are Saved.

LAKE STEAMERS HELD FAST.

Ice Breaker Struggles All Day in Vain to Free Any of 121.

MAJESTIC IN LATE; FOUGHT HEAVY SEAS

CELTIC IS RAMMED AT SEA IN THICK FOG; ALL ABOARD SAFE

Freighter Anaconda Rips Two Holes in Liner, Which Rushes 200 Passengers to Boston.

VESSEL LOST OFF CAPE COD

Finding of Wreckage Confirms Fate of 27 Men on Steamer John Tracy. BOSTON, Jan. 21 (AP).—Fears that the steam collier John Tracy had foundered off Cape Cod in the blizzard of Jan. 11 changed to grim certainty today when the nameplate of the vessel.

25 DROWN IN BLACK SEA.

Two Turkish Ships Sink—Storm Ravages Crimean Coast.

STEAMSHIP IN DISTRESS.

Clearton by Radio Reports Loss of Rudder Off Virginia Coast. MIAMI, Fla., Dec. 29 (AP).—The British steamship Clearton was reported in distress between 200 and 300 miles off the Virginia coast tonight in radio messages picked up by the Tropical

BLAZING OIL TANKER FIRED BY EXPLOSION

Two Engineers on Ship Die at Sea, Third Ill

STEAMER AND 16 MEN LOST.

Norwegian Ship Goes Down in Faxa Bay, Iceland.

LONDON Dec. 14 (AP).—Lloyds report the wreck of the Norwegian steamer Balholm in Faxa Bay, Iceland, with the loss of all hands. Advice from Oslo, the Norwegian

Victims of Winter Seas

Explosions, fires at sea, collisions in the fog, gales, damaged rudders—every day we read about them in the newspapers. Scarcely an edition is printed without at least one sea tragedy.

And what of the sailormen who manned these ships? Sometimes a bit of wreckage cast up on the shore weeks later is the only clue to the fate of a whole crew. Sometimes there are thrilling rescues in which other sailormen risk everything to save their fellows. Sometimes a stray survivor is picked up and tells of officers and crew who refused to quit the ship and of wireless operators who went down still trying to send out their S. O. S.

We at the Institute read these accounts in the newspapers, and then sooner or later, if there are survivors, we get the story firsthand, for most merchant sailors come to us when they are in trouble, and being shipwrecked in the middle of winter is our idea of one way of being in trouble.

Just as we were about to go to press, a mysterious explosion

fired the *Black Sea*, a tanker loading with naphtha over in Bayonne. The ship was immediately enveloped in flames. Rescue boats came alongside and the crew jumped for their lives—all except one of the engineers who went to his cabin for a new suit of "civvies." Somehow or other a kind Providence watched over him and he was picked up spick and span in his tweeds soon after.

Four of the crew of twenty-nine were lost. The others came direct to the Institute. Some of them needed clothing, which we were able to give them; and they all needed a good night's rest after their harrowing experience, and this we were also able to provide for them. In the morning they hung about awaiting orders from their company, hoping that the orders would take them back to England, which most of them called home. They were a game lot and on the whole to be congratulated on their success in covering up their concern for their missing shipmates with an attempt at facetiousness.

The Second Mate, a comely

lad with charming manners, seemed greatly perturbed that the explosion should have caught him unawares without a necktie and he apologized profusely for its absence.

The First Mate sat in the Officers' Reading Room writing a letter home, although he said he had no family. He was the first to discover a copy of Dante's "Inferno" on the table he was using, and the entire outfit gave a very good imitation of cracking jokes about it. But an occasional nervous gesture

would betray them. They couldn't get their minds off those four missing pals who had been working with them only a few hours before.

"Guess we must a' been born to be hanged," said the jovial old Mate with an affectionate look at his boys. "If it had a' happened a few hours later after we had a' put to sea—" He finished the sentence with an expressive gesture. "The wooden life-boats were the first things to go up in smoke," he went on, "and we wouldn't a'



SURVIVORS OF THE *BLACK SEA* CREW AT THE INSTITUTE

had a chance. I been going to sea twenty-five years, and this is the first accident I've ever been mixed up in, but John here—he's beginning young." Then followed an embarrassing moment for poor John while the Mate explained that John, the baby of the ship, had only nine-

teen years to his credit, albeit he was third officer.

Now they are ready for the next venture, whatever it may be, and each knows that next time he may be one of the four missing. But they all went off smiling. Of such stuff are sailormen made.

Rooms for Sale

"Really, mister, haven't you got any room at all?"

This is the appeal made many times nightly at our Hotel Desk, and when the Chief Clerk must answer no, it makes him almost as sad and wistful as the poor sailorman who puts the question.

"Haven't you even got a flop?" is often the next question. A bunk will do if the privacy of a room is not available, for it means a good clean bed at a nominal price in a safe, respectable place.

But the poor Chief Clerk has one question that bothers him almost more than the two above. "Can you tell me where to go?"

He has spent many a day—hours of his own time—scouring lower New York to find a hotel or boarding house he can recommend when the Institute

beds are booked to capacity. He found one hostelry where a man may obtain a clean comfortable room for \$1.50 per night, but that is fifty percent above our most expensive quarters. He tried the boarding houses and returned sick at heart. "Why, they are terrible," he explained. "I don't see how even a dog could sleep in some of them and not wake up in the morning with a headache."

We always hold a few rooms until nine o'clock for emergency cases—men who come from hospitals or ships in the early evening and are not well enough to shift for themselves. This fact is generally known, and at nine o'clock there is a pathetic line-up of sometimes twenty times as many eager seamen as there are available rooms. They know that the rooms have been

held for possible unfortunates, and they are satisfied with the arrangement, but when they cannot get one of these "last hopes", it really is an unhappy moment for us as well as for them.

And the pathetic part of it all is that the Annex is there—bleak and empty—just waiting for the moment when it will be possible to convert it into livable quarters. The interior construction work is going ahead just as fast as funds are available, and funds are being used as designated in so far as practicable.

Some of the work is already in progress, but more funds are needed to carry it through, and the matter of sleeping quarters is still a serious problem. The total sum required to furnish and equip all sleeping quarters and to provide beds for all who apply to us nightly, is \$264,000. Most of the dormitory space has been arranged for, but there are still two available, each of forty-two beds and each at a cost of \$5,000. The urgent need is for rooms, however—rooms at \$500, \$1,000 and \$1,500 each, depending upon size, location and whether or not they have running water. There are also blocks of rooms

at \$7,500, \$15,000 and \$30,000. Amounts wide in range may be invested in this most worthy and most obviously necessary phase of our construction work.

Five hundred dollars for a seaman's room—what does it mean? It means that for three hundred sixty-five nights in the year, some lone sailorman, for the nominal cost to him of 65 cents, is enjoying comfort and privacy which he cannot have on shipboard, and that he has absolute cleanliness and safety. It means that for this once he has a roof over his head which he can really call his own for a night—a state of affairs that most of us can take for granted at any time, but which is a real event in the life of Jack Tar.

To the sympathetic friends of Jack we repeat his wistful question, "Really, mister, haven't you got any room at all?" Can you not offer him one? Otherwise he will have to roam the streets or go to one of the questionable boarding houses which exist, alas! in large numbers not so far from the Institute. Five hundred dollars, or more proportionately, answers the question asked by an average of two hundred men at our Hotel Desk every night.

Cadets for the Merchant Marine



A PRACTICAL LESSON IN FIRST AID

The Merchant Marine School of the Seamen's Church Institute has had its finger in several important pies affecting the mutual interests of the nation and the men of our Merchant Marine. There was the matter of instituting radio medical service at sea; of requiring an examination in first-aid of all candidates for officers' licenses; of training officers during the War; and now Captain Robert Huntington, principal of the School, is looking ahead with a view to provid-

ing even better timber for the officers of tomorrow. In his search for this timber, he is turning his attention to the "little acorns" of today—American boys of the proper stuff who wish to follow the sea as a profession.

As a first step, he has been instrumental in getting the Postmaster General, in cooperation with the United States Shipping Board, to provide for the carrying of cadets on steamships under formal contract with the Post Office Depart-

ment for the conveyance of foreign mails. The provision calls for from one to six boys, depending upon the tonnage of the ship, each to be educated in the duties of seamanship and to receive not less than thirty dollars per month for his services.

It is Captain Huntington's idea that these boys should alternate between ship service and shore school training, and that this shore education should be furnished free to boys of all States. Present regulations make such instruction available to boys of certain maritime States only, which he maintains is not only unfair to boys of other States, but actually creates a negative issue in that it arouses a prejudice against the Merchant Marine in the neglected States.

In the Merchant Marine School of the Seamen's Church Institute, boys from any State may receive free instruction in seamanship, navigation and marine engineering. As has been previously set forth in THE LOOKOUT, the American Naval and Marine Scouts are already availing themselves of this privilege.

More rigid examinations for

officers' licenses, Captain Huntington admits, will automatically raise the standards of officership, but this in itself will not be enough. No examination on paper can determine what a man will do in an emergency, which is of course the real test of seamanship. We must get down to fundamentals and inculcate the right stuff into our potential officers from the time they are boys—this is the burden of the Captain's argument for a cadet system.

An adequate Merchant Marine is obviously necessary to preserve our natural resources and to protect our export commerce. The solidity and development of our Merchant Marine can be no greater than corresponding qualities in the merchant sailors who man our ships. Officers and men are constantly dropping out of the service for one reason or another, and the only key to progress will be through replacing these men with better ones.

Heretofore the principal work of our Merchant Marine school has been to qualify seamen with proper training for Officers' and engineers' examinations and to equip men who

are already licensed officers for higher rating. This work, of course, continues, but we hope to very materially increase our service to the Merchant Marine and to its sailormen by cooperating with such juvenile organizations as the American Naval and Marine Scouts, the Junior Naval Reserve, and the Sea Scouts of the Boy Scouts of America, as well as by giving instruction to individual boys who meet the government qualifications for cadets.

FAITH NEEDED

The vessel was sinking. The skipper rushed up to a crowd of scared passengers.

"Who among you can pray?" he asked them.

"I can," answered the minister.

"Then pray, mister," ordered the skipper. "The rest of you put on life preservers. We're one short."—*Nautical Gazette*.

THIS FROM NEWPORT

"Speaking of music, of course tastes differ. Some of our guests enjoy one kind, others enjoy something entirely different. A man asked the other day if we had The Song of the Vulgar Boatmen."—*The Mainstay*.

WE NEED MAGAZINES

Recently we have not been able to supply our sailormen with sufficient reading matter in the way of good magazines. Everyone who has taken any sort of sea voyage can appreciate what it means to have something interesting to read on shipboard, and what it would mean to have nothing.

Our experience is that when a sailor cares to read at all, he wants to read something worth while—a really good story or a scientific article. His favorite is the National Geographic. It is his Baedeker, and it seems to appeal to his roving spirit. He also likes articles dealing with current national and international problems.

In appealing for magazines, we should like to specify "f.o.b. Institute," for unfortunately we have no truck or other means of transportation at our disposal. If, therefore, some of our good friends would donate not only some of the literature they have finished reading but also the time of their chauffeurs or the cost of expressage, we should be most grateful, for it would be the means of shortening many a long hour for Jack Tar.

Conrad on Seamanhood

The code of the sea is an exacting one. It calls for honor inviolate—honor so self-effacing that it transcends mere courage.

Conrad expounds this theme almost too vividly in his "Lord Jim". His message is so poignant that it makes one wonder if his own standards would meet the test in dire emergency.

Lord Jim's didn't. And his story is one of most futilely tragic, heart-breaking remorse. In thus setting forth his hypothesis in the negative, Conrad would seem to succeed in terrorizing even the weakest land-lubber into striving to possess this relentless, uncompromising honor of the sea.

Lord Jim was "as promising a boy as the sun ever shone on". . . . "Ever since he had been 'so high'—'quite a little chap,' he had been preparing himself for all the difficulties that can beset one on land and water. He confessed proudly to this kind of foresight. He had been elaborating dangers and defences, expecting the worst, rehearsing his best. He must have led a most exalted existence. Can you fancy it? A succession

of adventures, so much glory, such a victorious progress! And the deep sense of his sagacity crowning every day of his inner life."

Then came his first big opportunity—and he *jumped*. "I had jumped—hadn't I? . . . There was no going back. It was as if I had jumped into a well—into an everlasting deep hole. . . . Everything was gone—"

There were years when he tried to get away from the story, which followed him persistently from port to port, no matter how far removed from the beaten path. But he couldn't get away from his own consciousness, and he was constantly in quest of that second opportunity which would square him with his severest judge—himself. The opportunity almost came, but in its stead Fate played a trick. At the height of achievement, he was made to appear to have betrayed simple trusting friends. He gave up his life. It was all he could do. Perhaps that was his opportunity. At any rate, through Lord Jim, Conrad has shown the world what the seaman ex-

pects of himself and what he expects of his fellows. He puts the thought into the mouth of one of his characters:

"Hang it, we must preserve professional decency or we become no better than so many tinkers going about loose. We are trusted. Do you understand?—trusted! We aren't an organized body of men, and the only thing that holds us together is just the name for that kind of decency. A man may go pretty near through his whole sea-life without any call to show a stiff upper lip. But when the call comes . . ."

The sentence was not finished. It was not necessary, for he was talking to another seaman, and when the call comes, every real seaman knows what to do. But Conrad's understanding Marlow sympathized with Jim, and explains his sympathy in this way:

"There is such magnificent vagueness in the expectations that had driven each of us to sea, such a glorious indefiniteness, such a beautiful greed of adventures that are their own and only reward! What we get—well, we won't talk of that; but can one of us restrain a smile?

. . . Hadn't we all commenced with the same desire, ended with the same knowledge, carried the memory of the same cherished glamour through the sordid days of imprecation? What wonder that when some heavy prod gets home the bond is found to be close; that besides the fellowship of the craft there is felt the strength of a wider feeling—the feeling that binds a man to a child."

The "fellowship of the craft" is something that only the craft can completely understand. Our sailormen at the Institute understand it, and in the fellowship they include their friend Joseph Conrad, just as he included them in his highest tributes. What could be more obviously fitting, therefore, than to dedicate the Library and Reading Room in our new building to Conrad, the great seaman, the friend and interpreter of all the fellows of his craft?

Many have contributed to the project, but there is still required approximately \$45,000 before we can pay tribute to this greatest of sea writers, who has shown us more vividly than any other what honor among seamen really means.

Old Ironsides Again

Since our first announcement that the Navy is to give us one of the breasthooks from the old Frigate *Constitution* when she is reconditioned, we keep discovering new family ties, as it were, that bind the Institute to this historic old ship. The latest link was established in a recent letter from Mr. Walter C. Baylies of Boston, a brother of Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, President of the Board of Managers of this Institute.

Their great grandfather, Colonel Hodijah Baylies, had the distinction of making the original anchor for the *Constitution* in his iron works at Taunton, Massachusetts.

Colonel Baylies was engaged in the Revolutionary War from the time of his graduation from Harvard College in 1777, first on the Staff of General Benjamin Lincoln and afterwards for three years on the Staff of General Washington. For several years thereafter he devoted himself to the management of his iron works in Taunton. His family for several generations, both in England and in this country, had been interested in

the conduct of iron manufacture.

In 1797 the anchor was inspected by Colonel Cleghorn, who was the representative of the Navy in the construction of the *Constitution*; and it was then transferred to Dighton and there put on a boat and sent around Cape Cod to Hart's Shipyard in Boston, where the *Constitution* was built.

Definite action has been taken towards starting the work necessary to restore the U. S. Frigate *Constitution*, the cost of which is to be defrayed by penny contributions made by the school children of this country. Within the past few days, requisitions have been approved for a large quantity of live oak knees, white oak for keel construction, and long leaf yellow pine for beams. The purchase of this material, at an estimated cost of \$95,000, will be made immediately by the Navy Yard, Boston, in order that it may be cut before the sap begins to rise and permit of work being started this spring or summer.—*The Marine Journal*.

With the Associations

Lent is the time for all good women to come to the aid of the Institute. And they are going to do it!

Now, when bridge parties are beginning to be a bit less numerous and Lent is with us once more, many of our Associations are making plans to stock up the Institute linen chest. Already the Seamen's Benefit Society has some fifty sew-ers enrolled in its Lenten sewing class, and its first shipment of toweling, about 500 yards, has been delivered. The Association of the South Shore of Long Island will also sew for the seamen, as has been their custom for several years. Their sew-ers will meet in different localities—in New York City at the home of one of their most devoted members, Mrs. Francis Smyth, and also at Merrick, Babylon and Amityville, Long Island.

Not to be outdone by these two groups, the Elizabeth Association (and we must tell you that they hold the record for sewing in 1926) is making great plans to continue to retain these

laurels in 1927. Perhaps the secret of their accomplishment is that they meet regularly each Thursday in Lent at 10:30 in the morning and sew until 3:00 in the afternoon, spending only a brief part of this time for luncheon in the Parish House.

March will bring to the Institute many Association members. The Robert Rogers Group will act as hostesses for tea on the afternoon of March 3rd, and on March 15th the South Shore will hold its regular meeting at 25 South Street.

At the Central Council meeting on February 21st, those present were encouraged to hear that our Chairman, Mrs. David Leavitt Hough, is really on the road to recovery after her serious attack of pneumonia. Mrs. Hough is eager to join again her co-workers for the Institute. She and the directors of the various groups have been greatly heartened by a resolution, passed by the Board of Managers at their annual meeting, commending the work of the Associations during 1926.

"Now this business of the Income Tax is very distressing to two classes of people—those who have to pay it and those who do not. However, it is an ill wind that does not blow some good and we fancy that there must be some who if they did not have this annual reminder that they must take account of their oxen, he-goats, olive-yards and vineyards, the latter for jelly purposes of course, would not know where they stood.

"This accounting we can imagine, because the experience is one that has never been ours, sometimes shows more wealth than one realized. If that should happen to you we would be bold enough to ask about your will because of course you have made one out. Is the abundance which has been given to you to be kept intact for those who do not need it or is some of it to do for you the things in the future that you are now doing yourself? Now do not make any mistake, we do not feel that the Seamen's Church Institute is the most vital and important thing in the world. Far from it—but we are trying and we hope we shall always be able to continue to try to help, in a helpful way, men and boys of the sea, and we can assure those who remember us in their wills that we firmly believe that they will never have cause to be sorry they did so either in this world or the next."—*The Mainstay*.

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

The INSTITUTE has been greatly aided by this form of generosity. No precise words are necessary to a valid legacy to the corporation. The following clause, however, may be suggested:

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the LAWS of the STATE OF NEW YORK, the sum of Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of Dollars."

